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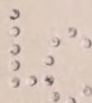
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COPY 1

For Old-Timers'
Sake . . and for
TWO BITS

Hellaloo Pete o' Reno

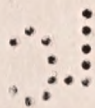


By JIM SEYMOUR

With Introduction by
UPTON SINCLAIR

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JIM SEYMOUR



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INTRODUCTORY

My mail is full of letters from people, all sorts of people, all over the world, who send me manuscripts which they want me to read. Also they make pilgrimages and bring me manuscripts; poets and philosophers, prophets of new religions, discoverers of new diet-systems, inventors of new machines, authors of novels and dramas and epics. They come with pockets stuffed with manuscripts, and with bundles under their arms. The other day one brought a manuscript so bulky that he could hardly stagger. And each one is quite sure that he has the secret which humanity has been seeking all through the ages; each has come a long way to see me, and I must positively make an exception in his case. So you may understand that I am more afraid of a man with a manuscript than I am of a man with a bomb.

Moreover, I am a respectable bourgeois citizen, and when a man arrives with all his belongings strapped on a bicycle and tells me that he is "on the bum", I have the respectable householder's sense of guilt; I know that this man is "on the bum" as a result of the profit-system, whereby I have managed to get myself under a roof. As a Socialist, I know that he is a man and a brother; but my mind is full of a beautiful book on human brotherhood that I am writing, and I don't want to have my thoughts interrupted by unliterary reality.

So you may see that I had a complicated set of emotions when Jim Seymour came to see me. He is a frail, sensitive fellow, with an uneasy look in his eyes and an embarrassed manner. At first I couldn't make it out; but I understand now—he, too, has things going on in his head which put him out of touch with the world of reality. He would rather be away in a world of dreams, but he is compelled by hunger to pay visits to an author who doesn't want to be bothered.

I had to promise to read some of his poems, and also a short story. I read the latter—and to say that I was astonished would be to put it mildly. Now I sit and ask myself: Can it actually be that this story came out of the head of this “blanket stiff”, or has he “swiped” a story from some one of the great writers of the world, and had it typewritten and palmed it off on me?

Don't make any mistake about it, “Hellaloo Pete o' Reno” is the work of a real writer, just as much so as if it had signed to it the name “O. Henry”, or “Rudyard Kipling” or “Bret Harte.” The man who wrote it has been down in the deeps of human suffering and tragedy. He has imagination, he has passion; he has local color, he has humor—what more would you ask of a story-writer? One thing more—he has style. He handles words and sentences as a man who knows their precise effects. This may come by instinct, I suppose, but I have never known it to come except by long practice; and where did this man get practice, wandering over the country with all his belongings strapped onto a bicycle? He is “on the bum”, he tells me, because his health will not permit him to hold a job very long. As a boy they worked him in a glass-factory, and took all the sap out of him—so he phrases it.

Jim Seymour asked me to put up enough money to have some of his poems printed in a little book which he could sell on the road. I told him I did not have the money to spare. But now that I have read “Hellaloo Pete o' Reno”, I am going to have it printed, even though I borrow the money. It may be that Jim Seymour will never write another story like this. He may be what Horace calls “a man of one book”. All I can say is that if he writes a dozen stories like this, he will find a publisher for them, and he will make a reputation.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

HELLALOO PETE O' RENO

By Jim Seymour

Mister, don't you say anything against art to me. Artists might be lazy, but they ain't the rest of it—they ain't good-for-nothing. Maybe the feller that painted that picture ain't exactly a Reuben, and maybe he'd ought to been paintin' boxcars, but if Hellaloo Pete o' Reno, which was also an artist, had been one o' them useful eight-hour-a-day artists I'd of been a corpse, and you wouldn't be slated to hear all about the masterpiece o' Never Again.

Of course, Pete wasn't dependin' in nowise on art for a reputation; he had another peg to hang his cap o' fame on. You see, Pete was a Simon-pure one o' the boys, and the most prominent all-around good feller in the whole West. Whenever a bo hit camp he'd steer straight for Hellaloo. And it wasn't no bum steer either, for Pete was always good for four bits up, and the fact was advertised from Yuma to Butte and from Leadville to the Feather River. They never needed no introduction; they spotted him first peep. But that wasn't so mystifyin', considerin' his personal looks, for he had whiskers like some o' them wild men yuh see in the circus, and if he'd ever washed his face he could of passed for a doctor. But it was kind o' curious the way fellers that had never even heard of him would always pick him for the first and one best bet. I reckon these old-timers that seesaw with fortune sort o' know each other by instinc'.

Funny thing about Hellaloo Pete was he had a passion for letter-writin', or, as my old schoolteacher would of put it, for conveyin' intelligence. He couldn't write his own name, but he was some handy with a pencil at that, and he used to write his letters in pictures instead of the regulation way. He could draw anything from a

railroad train to a bunch o' flies. Mazeer Felix said that Pete had motion. I never seen much of it, 'specially when he had a boss lookin' down his collar, but I reckon a professional artist knows his business. Anyway, when Pete drawed a picture of a dancin' girl she was sure kickin' her heels, and I believe if he'd tried right hard he could of made a Digger Indian look like he was movin'.

This here Mazeer Felix Somebody-or-Other was one o' them French highbrow artists that could slap a handful o' paint on a piece o' tarp and pull down a check that would make your head swim. I don't reckon he had to work more than fifteen minutes a year to get a good livin', and I never could understand why he didn't take a rest, but here he was towerin' the country lookin' for local color. If he'd said colors, an old prospector like me would of savvied him natural, but I never could figger out how a man expected to find any color worth speakin' of in a bunch o' sand and sagebrush. Maybe he meant loco color.

Anyhow, me and Hellaloo was out on one of our trips when we run across Mazeer Felix with his paintbox. Pete, bein' one of the fraternity, as Felix put it, cottoned to him like a foxtail to a woolen blanket. The result was, I had to cook the dinner while Pete and Felix drawed sketches of everything in sight and a lot that wasn't. And I want to tell you them two was one red hot pair o' drawers.

Now poor old Hellaloo had never had anything better than one o' them penny lead-pencils they sell hereabouts for a nickel, and I swear I could write better with a rusty nail. Mazeer Feliz thought so too, and that's how he come to give Pete a fine soft pencil that wrote as purty and black as a grubthief's heart. And that's how Pete come to start drawin' worse than ever. He got better

and better all the time, too, and he was as tickled as if he'd had a feather duster under his nose. Mazeer Felix was tickled too; he'd found colors.

Well, the drawin' stopped when all the paper was used up. It would of stopped anyhow, because dinner was ready, and when I'm the cook I don't stand for no foolin' from common boarders. And I got to pay my compliments to Mazeer Felix as an all-around man at his trade, for he was a great artist at stowin' away grub, too. Of course, it wasn't so surprisin' that he should eat a square meal, for if I do say so myself, I'm about the best cook west of the North Pole. But Mazeer Felix et about two square meals, and they set well. He beamed all over like a new tin can on a sunshiny dump, and got as friendly as a lost puppy that's found his way home again. And he invited us to write to him, care of the Royal George Cafe, so forth and so on—me in English and Hellaloo in art. Then he give each of us one o' them dinky cigarets with a one-half of one percent kick, and we parted, hopin' we'd meet again. That is, I was doin' one-half of one percent of our share of the hopin' and Pete the balance.

Mister, this is a twisted-up world. I met Felix again and poor old Pete never did.

Well s'r, me and Pete took plenty o' time, same as usual, campin' at one place for five days, waitin' for a train to stop and take water so's we could mail a letter to Mazeer Felix. And finally we got into Ulcer Gulch and found the whole town roarin' with hylarity. Watts Butterworth, postmaster and general merchandise, had fished a letter from the mailbag addressed to Mr. Peter Eno, and was showin' it to the boys.

"He's some Peterino at that," grinned Watts. "Don't

it beat all, though, how people can't get Pete's name right?"

"'Tain't so funny at that," says Yow-yow Johnson, "'cause Pete can't write it hisself."

Now the truth is, Pete's real name was Smith or Williamson, or something like that. Seein' I only knowed him seven or eight years I don't remember just what. Him and me never served on no juries together, so I always used his stage name, which was Hellaloo Pete o' Reno. And when Pete asked the crowd how they would write his name he had 'em all stumped, and him and me had a good laugh at 'em for not knowin' an old acquaintance's name in real life.

The letter, of course, was from Mazeer Felix, statin' he'd be in Never Again at such and such a time, and if his good friend Hellaloo would be so kind as to get ready to go to France to study art with all expenses paid, it would be considered a great favor by yours truly, Mazeer Felix. Also, Mazeer Felix, bein' a good human sort of a cuss and knowin' Pete wouldn't like to leave me in the lurch, had proposed that I go along to fix up the bacon and beans. Mazeer Felix sure knowed an artist when he seen one.

Pete and me had quite an argument over that proposition. Pete was right in for it. He was goin', he said, and I was goin' with him if he had to truss me up and drag me. Pete was always a good man and I got to give him credit for it, but he never could of licked me if my foot hadn't slipped on a rock. Besides, while we was wrastlin' Pete kept tellin' me about the slathers o' purty women over there, and I never could scrap and deebate at the same time. Howsumever, I agreed to go.

Now while Felix had told us when he would get to Never Again, he plumb forgot to mention how long he

would stay, and seein' the letter had been forrarded to us to Ulcer Gulch and we'd have to go along with it back to Never Again, he hadn't maybe left us any too much time. From Ulcer Gulch to Never Again is about three hunderd miles as the crow flies. But the wagon road don't go that way; it goes more as the snake wiggles. You see, the sandhills keep jumpin' around, and it's easier to change the course of the road by runnin' a wagon over a new place than it is to shovel the sandhills back where they was last week. Did you ever see a corkscrew that's been used till it's got bent crooked? I don't want to stretch things any, Mister, because I was brought up right, but the fact is, that road is crookeder and twisteder than a railroad line on a map put out by some other company.

But Pete and me figgered it out we could make it over Junkie Trail, which is a short rowte if you're lucky and the longest kind of a long one if you ain't. Some says it gets its name because no junkman ever went over it, but me and Hellaloo always calcalated it was called Junkie Trail because it would be such good pickin' for one. There was everything under the sun there—except water. There was copper and brass, and rags and rubber and rope; and there was bones—plenty of 'em. And they wasn't cow bones, either.

Of course, them things didn't scare me and Pete none, because Pete wasn't afraid of anything that was ever made and I wasn't afraid o' Pete. Besides, we knowed the country from rattlesnake to landshark, and we always had got through it so far and reckoned we always would. Anyway, there's one consoling thing about the desert: the real big mistake can't never be made but once,

I wonder if they got any deserts in France. If they ain't I wouldn't of been contented. A feller learns to

love the desert. It's hard, but it's true blue. It's just like a friend of the Hellaloo Pete stripe, which would cuss you like he was goin' to bite your head off, but would chuck his life into the showdown for you any time. People that was refined and sissyfied always thought Pete was rough and cruel, but them that was tough enough to stand him knowed he was the same old Pete whenever yuh seen him.

I liked Pete, and I like the desert because it's so much like Pete. Neither one had any use for a bonehead; neither one would stand for a fool walkin' over 'em.

Thanks, I don't care if I do. Now, I just want to insist a couple o' times or so that the desert is true blue. It ain't got no slushy sympathy, and it don't know the meanin' o' pity, but it ain't treacherous like some o' them high schoolteachers says. It's always the same, and it's your own fault if it ketches yuh nappin', because it's warned you time and time again. It won't stand for carelessness, but nobody but a fool tenderfoot has any right to be careless with a desert, and his license is only good for once.

Things that is always the same ain't treacherous, and the desert is the same, year after year, and it's gettin' more so all the time. There'll be a time when you and me is gone; there'll be a time when all them that's comin' after us is gone; and there'll be a time when all that us and them has built will be gone. Dust—all dust. Sands of the desert—the desert that will still be on the job, bigger, harder, truer than ever.

That's what causes the desert creep, Mister. That's what makes you shiver on hot sand at high noon. Some of us don't stop to reason it out, but our hides crimp because we're facin' our finish. We can strut around and brag when we're ganged up in a house, lookin' at each

other and at walls that we built ourselves, and listenin' to voices that ain't nothing but noise, but when we scatter and look at the desert, so powerful that it can afford to keep still about it, our rattlin' tongues freeze up and we don't feel so damned important.

Well, me and Pete fixed up our packs in an amazing hurry for such steady old-timers, and us and our one lone burro tied into Junkie Trail. We'd ought to of took more burros, but there wasn't none to be had right then. And we'd ought to of done some other little things that would of took some time, but the thought of goin' across the ocean had us excited as two kids goin' to the circus, and with just about as much sense. But things went along all right until we was comin' up to Old Tightmouth Boulder, fixin' to camp for the night.

Old Tightmouth sets overlookin' a place that used to be a river some dozens or millions o' years ago, and while it's purty much flattened out these days, there's some places where the rocks has kept the banks in right fair shape, and the trail runs along the edge of a darn mean drop. And just as we was passin' one of these ticklish places, old Scavenger, the burro, which was gettin' too ancient for such a trip anyhow, made a bum step and landed in the river bed.

Mister, the feller that said it never rains if it don't pour was a wise galoot. Scavenger wasn't satisfied with knockin' the last bit o' ginger out of his poor old carcass, but he knocked a couple o' staves out of our worn-out watercask, and before we could scramble down to rescue it there wasn't more than seven or nine drops o' water left in it.

Howsumever, even with a dead jack and a busted kag, things might of been worse. The big waterbag was in good shape, with close onto ten quarts in it, and seein'

there wasn't no donkey to help drink it, we figgered it would be plenty. So we fixed our supper and went to bed, and everything would of been all right if I hadn't got took down with the spasmodic malaria which I used to have regular in the East and which I come west to get rid of. I hadn't had a touch of it in thirteen years and thought I'd shook it off for good, but you remember what the feller says about the pourin' rain.

Well, I leaned the waterbag against Tightmouth's paw where I could reach out and get a drink durin' the night, and I reckon I drunk a good bit of it. But that's one of the things the professors calls the unknowable, for when we got up in the morning we found the waterbag layin' flat on its side, stark empty. I had forgot the rules of the desert, forgot to put the cork back in the bag, and the bag had fell over in the night, which is a nasty habit o' theirs, and left us in one hell of a fix, with my fever gettin' worse instead o' better.

Mister, did you ever have your friendship put to the test? It's all right to lend a friend a few dollars when you're purty sure he'll pay it back and you can afford to lose it if he don't. And it's all right to give him a bit o' service when you're needin' the exercise for your own health. But when it comes to subtractin' accordin' to the higher mathematics o' life and death, how do yuh stack up? Do you reckon your fancy bathtub keeps you as clean as Hellaloo Pete o' Reno?

You needn't answer, Mister. Them's things to talk to ourselves about. Peter and me never knowed at that time just how far we had to go, and Pete ain't found out since. But Seltzer McGraw, the poet, which maybe you'll meet some day, got it afterwards from one o' them government civil engineers that happened to be civil, and he puts it this way:

A couple o' skulls in the dry crick bed,
A pal with the shakes and a stone dead jack,
A hunderd and seven miles ahead
And a damn sight further back.

Excuse me, but I ain't feelin' any too well. There's something wrong with my pipe, and when that happens there's something wrong with me. Poetry and art is twin sisters, and either one can hand you a powerful jolt. Seltzer hits me hard because he's one o' them old-fashioned poets that I can understand. Them new poets might be all right, but they ain't got the old fire.

Barrin' one thing, Pete and me both was just as good as dead. But a pair o' desert rats that's bucked the game as long as we had wasn't goin' to overlook no cards. I was purty well gone, but Pete was spry as ever, so he took his knife and opened Scavenger's belly. There was water there—maybe enough, maybe not. Pete was puttin' some of it into the big waterbag and some into the two-quart bag that we carried for immediate use, when an argument started about how much he was to take and how much to leave for me. He said that a man that had fever and was too sick to move needed plenty o' water, and I said that a man that had to walk like blazes in the hot sun to get help for a good-for-nothing lizard that petered out in a tight place needed the most water because he was still of some use in the world. Pete said he wasn't goin' to pick on an invalid and I could talk all I pleased, but he promised me faithful he'd punch my head and send me to the hospital soon as I got well enough to stand it. I don't know how long the argument lasted, but we finally agreed to split fifty-fifty, Pete givin' in suspiciously cheerful like. He put the big waterbag alongside of me, told me what corks was for, and took the little bag and struck out.

I laid there two or three days, sippin' the water as gentle as possible, but it got lower and lower, till there wasn't a drop left. After that things got poco serious and I begun to scheme like a feller will. I figgered I'd hold my tongue on the damp ground where the bag had been layin' and get a little moisture that way. So I picked up the bag and there under it was one o' Hella-loo's drawin's, tellin' me plain as day there was more water where the last come from. I'd watched Pete like a hawk to see that he didn't play no tricks on me, because it was him all over to be doin' a feller a good turn by mistake like, and he didn't get no chance to leave some water in the coffee pot, or anything like that. But he'd beat me out anyhow, and even if the water wasn't as good as it might of been some other way, there's times when we're thankful for 'small favors, 'specially when we feel that the small ones is generally the big ones.

The boys from Never Again found me just in time. I was layin' unconscious in the sun, with my face on Scavenger's belly. They lugged me in and seen to it that I had good care, but it was a solid week before I quit babblin' long enough to hear what had become o' Pete. It seems he'd been staggerin' along like a drunk and knowed he wasn't quite goin' to make it. His tongue was swelled up like an overripe cucumber and as sticky as tarweed, so's he couldn't of talked if he'd tried, so he'd drawed a picture of me and Scavenger layin' together alongside of Old Tightmouth. And a three-year-old idiot could of told with one peep that I was ready to cash in. Pete had put a face on me that I'm ashamed to admit was ever mine. I remember Mazeer Feliz said Pete was good at execution, and I reckon he was. And he'd drawed Old Tightmouth so as to give my exact street

and number. Tightmouth was built just like that Eegyptian jinx, but Pete had made him talk.

When Pete reached the top of the hill overlookin' the town he had just enough strength left to wave the paper a couple o' times and keel over. But the boys happened to spot him, and they rushed up in a gang, took one look at Pete and one at the picture, and a bunch of 'em grabbed their pintos and headed out right then and pronto. Which quick understandin' and quick action is what brought me here to tell you about it.

The boys was sure all cut up over things. They seen Pete had something on his mind, but they couldn't get a word out of him and didn't think they ever would, and I kept yellin' about Pete and Mazeer Felix. They figgered Felix might help, but he had moseyed off somewhere a while back and nobody knowed where he'd went. But finally they wrote him a letter informin' him that if he wanted to see his friend Hellaloo Pete o' Reno this side o' paradise he'd better hustle. They addressed the letter to Mazeer Felix So-and-So, Care of Somebody that Savvies Art, U. S. A., and the whole crowd went down to the station and flagged the Fogbelt Limited in violence of the rules of the railroad, and mailed the letter.

This here fame is something that I never hankered after, but it's sure got its uses. That letter went straight to Mazeer Felix and inside o' three days he was in town again. But he didn't get in in time to bid Pete goodby, for Pete had started on a trip across the big silent desert. Without his old pal, Mister—without his old pal. Alone on a trip across the big silent desert o' death. Pete—
—Hellaloo Pete—Hellaloo Pete o'—o'—

They buried him right in the sooburbs of the town, and Skinny Simpkins, which used to be a lawyer back in Michigan, made a speech. I'm sorry I didn't hear it,

because Skinny's a mighty fine talker even if he ain't good for anything else. But I was still out o' my head and couldn't take no part in the festivities. Howsum-ever, they managed to get along without me, and after the speech they pried one end out o' Dishrag Charlie's cowshed and set it up for a tombstone. Then they requested Mazeer Felix would he paint Pete's name on it, and Mazeer Feliz said he'd not only paint his name, but his fame, and his bigness, and his nobleness, and all the beautiful things that Skinny had said about him.

It took Felix some time to get them old boards in shape for the real job, but he kept at it. Nobody ever seen such workin' this side of the Rockies. Artists lazy? Maybe they're lazy in your line o' business, or mine, but you and me would be salamanders alongside of 'em at paintin' pictures.

By the time Felix got his deck cleared for action I was able to sit out on the front porch of the Hotel Tid-bit and watch the performance. I wasn't close enough to see just what Felix was doin', and Doc Slicer wouldn't let me out into the sun, but I could see most of the generalities. When Mazeer Felix started on the high art work the whole town stood around and watched him, but he never knowed they was livin'. After he got warmed up he worked like a kyote diggin' for a ground squirrel. Say, if I had a whole gang o' painters like Felix I'd take a contract paintin' oiltanks. In six months I'd be grubstaked for life.

Mister, when Felix stopped work and stepped back to look at the job, there was a silence like the desert itself. Art is a wonderful thing. Mazeer Felix was a Frenchman and I suppose he painted that picture in his own language, but every last one o' them boys understood it—Mexicans, Swedes, Native Sons and all,—even

Yung Kau, a well fed female fresh from Shanghai by way o' Mexicali, which was cashierin' for Sling Chuck Hi in the Never Again Chop Suey Auditorium.

The whole gang o' them fellers was snifflin', and doin' it like they meant it. Some of 'em was tougher than a fifteen-cent steak, but they felt just as bad as us good respectable fellers. Mazee Felix hisself choked a couple o' times and then blubbered. He was a big man with a big heart; that's why he was a baby. And he wasn't the only one that needed a suck-bottle, either.

After a while Mazeer Felix picked up a brush and painted the epithet—all right, epitaph—which was wrote by Seltzer McGraw, editor of the Never Again News, and then down in one corner he slapped his ten-thousand-dollar John Hancock.

No, I can't tell yuh what was on the picture. When I got so's I could walk I went over to take a good look at it, but I just looked for one second and that was long enough for it to tear me to pieces. I got right out o' Never Again and ain't been back since. But if you want to know the difference between an artist and a common moneygrubber, go over to Never Again and take a look at Hellaloo Pete's tombstone. It's a long trip, but you'll take a longer one in some other direction before yuh see a man's very soul smeared on a piece o' cowshed.

No, yuh don't need to take a chance on Junkie Trail, and I reckon you're too old to go by the Never Again Road. Now Mister, that's all right. I ain't sayin' you ain't husky enough to make it, but there's such a thing as death from old age, and I'd like to hear that you reached Never Again in time to see the great masterpiece before your funeral. So you just take this little fifty-mile jaunt to Snakehead and ride the Snaketail Valley Railroad down to the Pacific Trunk Line. And they'll sell you a

ticket straight through to your destination, meanin' due east to Rattlehead Junction and west southwest by west to Never Again. And they won't charge you any more than they would if you was goin' clear around the continent.

You'll know where to unload on the other division, because everybody'll get excited when the brakeman comes through yellin' the name of the station. And when you get off the train, just confiscate the first man yuh see, and tell him Windy Flapp orders him to show you the town and do it right, penalty for neglect o' duty bein' what happens to him when I overtake him. Tell him I want you to see the finest picture that's ever happened in these parts, barrin' only Hellaloo Pete's picture of the **dead** jackass and me. And when yuh get through lookin' and get your eyes dried, go down to the Ear Plus Saloon and see Hellaloo Pete o'—Hellaloo Pete's last drawin', which you'll see fixed up in a frame o' pure gold, made with the findin's o' Pete's prospectin' friends.

Yes, he bought it, but he don't own it. It was give to me, but seein' how Pete's old mother back East wouldn't never hear from him no more, I ordered it sold at auction, she to get the proceeds and the man that didn't bid heavy to get hurt. Old John bid it in, but it ain't his because it was decided that **all** bids would be collected and everybody that ever knowed Pete would own it in communion. But seein' as John paid the most, we appointed him janitor of it. We sent the old woman something like seven thousand dollars in cash, includin' a present of a fancy pink and purple silk nightgown from Yung Kau, and an educated Gila monster from Yow-yow.

The epi-taph? Mister, that epitaph is what made the Never Again News famous. More than seventy-five peo-

ple sent in for sample copies in one month. And them big Eastern newspapers copied it wholesale. Seltzer said they was well educated if they **was** only Easterners, and could appreciate literary merit, 'specially the Boston Sanskrit and the Philadelphia Public Alleger.

Mister, it's awful close in here; can't you open another window? Mazeer Feliz thought well of it too, and had Seltzer print a bunch of 'em to pass around. Took some back to France with him, too.

Excuse me, but I've got to cough and—it hurts me to do it. Soon's I get my breath I'll—recite you that epitaph. It goes:

Off with your hats, you desert rats,
What in the hell do you mean-o?
For here lies art and the great big heart
Of Hellaloo Pete o'—

O' where, Mister, o' where? Hellaloo Pete o' where? Mister, I'm an old man—and my lungs is desert dust. Soon I'll be—where Hellaloo—Pete is. Do me a—favor, Mister. Send me to—rest on the desert—with Pete. Do that—Mister.

Where are you—Mister? Shake—hands. Goodby—Mister. Do that. Just—write on the—box: Windy—Flapp,—Never—Again.





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